

JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

Sense of Values Revolutionized By the War

DEAR SUSAN: How this war has changed our sense of values! True was when an event of such significance as the birth of the Czechoslovak state, now a member of the family of nations in good and regular standing, and the deliberations of the Democratic mid-European conference would have been flung across the front page of the newspapers for weeks, and teams of "copy" would have been turned out dealing with the history of the people concerned, with their art, their culture, and with the marvellously dramatic tale of how a federation of nations, with a properly constituted provisional government, came into being 3,000 miles from home.

Why, it's a thing unheard of in history. It's epic and epochal. And yet, although the decision of the council, with Prof. Masaryk at its head, did make the front page on the day the story "broke," further developments have been dwarfed into insignificance by the rapid way in which history is being made. Nothing matters now but the victorious advance of the allies from Belgium to Bulgaria and the progress of the peace offensive of the Hun.

Time was—to get down to matters of more local interest—when all the details of the courtship and wedding of a Cabinet bride, not forgetting a description of her trousseau, a list of her gifts, and an estimate of their probable cost, would have been spread all over the papers; and here's Lucy Burleson, daughter of the Postmaster General and Mrs. Burleson, getting married to Eugene Charles Greene Grimes, U. S. N., with no notice being taken of it at all, save for modest announcements in the society columns. The only thing people seem to be particularly interested in is the question of whether or not Miss Burleson will continue to be a yeomaness and to this she replies, "I haven't decided yet."

Moreover, in the good old days before the war, the visit of such foreign dignitaries as the group of Roman Catholic clergy who came to this country to help Cardinal Gibbons celebrate his golden jubilee, and this accomplished, spent the greater part of the week in Washington, would have been heralded for weeks before their arrival and would have served as a topic of conversation for as many weeks after their departure.

In these crowded times, however, the proverbial "nine days' wonder" has dwindled to about nine hours. The Right Rev. Frederick Keating, lord bishop of Northampton, England; the Right Rev. Eugene Julien, bishop of Arras, France; and their associates arrived in Washington as the guests of Bishop Shahan, of the Catholic University, before any one knew they were coming; and their visit will be forgotten by the general public, swallowed up in the freer interest of the next visiting mission of some similar event, before much water flows under the bridges.

Practically Feared At Embassies.

Nevertheless, the visit of these clerics, men of the widest cultivation and of tremendous influence in their own countries, was an event of real importance, and was so recognized by Miss Washington. The delegation was received by the President, and various entertainments were arranged in their honor, including a luncheon given by Bishop Shahan, at the Cath-



MRS. JOHN DEE VAN WAGONER, Bride of Lieutenant Van Wagoner, U. S. A. She was formerly Miss Fay Hull.

MME. HERSLEY BIRKELAND, Wife of the Second Secretary of the Norwegian Legation.

MISS MARY LANE, A graduate of Trinity College and a popular member of the younger set.

olic University, and another at St. Patrick's rectory, with Monsignor Thomas as host. Washington's leading Catholic clerics, and such pillars of the Catholic Church as the French ambassador, Chief Justice White, and the Belgian minister, as well as of officials and men prominent in professional and educational circles, were given an opportunity to meet them.

The French ambassador and Mme. Jusserand had a luncheon for Bishop Julien and the other French members of the delegation, and M. de Billy, deputy high commissioner of France, entertained them at dinner. The pilgrimage to Mount Vernon arranged for them was probably of particular interest to Bishop Keating, for Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washington family, is in his See of Northampton.

The German government may be laughing behind its hand at its promise to make the subs behave, in

view of the fact that as several sapient critics have remarked, nowadays there "ain't no such animal" as a passenger ship. But the calm and unhurried way in which potentates of all sorts, American, French, British, Italian, et al., a being ferried back and forth across the Atlantic must make them laugh on the other side of their mouths.

Not only did this notable group of bishops, missionaries and lesser lights of the church, arrive safely and comfortably on our shores, but a body of the most famous physicians and surgeons in Europe came over as delegates to the annual convention of the American College of Surgeons, scheduled to meet in New York and called off on account of the "flu," arriving about the same time. And Sir Crile, Jordan and his wife cruised peacefully home on an admiralty vessel, flying the admiralty flag.

Moreover, Colonel House, the President's confidential adviser, "turned up" suddenly in Europe about fifteen minutes—or so it seemed—after he had been visiting at the White House—and with him across the Atlantic went such notable figures as Admiral Benson, Chief of Operations, U. S. N.; Joseph Grew, sometime secretary of the American embassy at Berlin, and Gordon Auchincloss, Colonel House is on an important mission for the President and is charged with helping to bring about closer co-ordination political and diplomatic between the United States and the allies—for Mr. Wilson still avoids calling them our allies.

General Barnett III At Great Hospital.

The commandant of the Marine Corps, Maj. Gen. George Barnett, is another person who bobbed up in France when everybody, except the initiated few, thought he was on this side of the water; but unfortunately he has been ill ever since he landed. He contracted influenza, which rapidly developed into pneumonia, on the ship and is now in a hospital at Brest. Although cables say that he is "improving slowly," his family are decidedly uneasy about him. Poor Mrs. Barnett has never gotten back her strength after the serious illness in the summer, and now she is having more than her share of anxiety for not only is General Barnett ill, but her only son, Lieut. Basil Gordon, U. S. M. C., has recently sailed for France. When men in high places are being assailed by the men over them, the men under them, the general public—or all three—it's a pleasure to hear general Barnett's name mentioned. The powers that be proved their complete satisfaction with him when they appointed him major general commandant for a term of four years; the marine corps adores him, from the anking major general to the smallest bugler, and as for the g. p.—well, could have to go a long way to find anyone who will express dissatisfaction with the man who commands the "Devil Dogs" and who made the corps what it is today. To be sure, he marine corps was a splendid organization when he took hold, but to a commandant would go the blame for any failure of the corps, and to him should go the credit for its success. He is ever so popular in Washington, and his friends are anxiously waiting the word that he is out of danger.

Save for the entertainment in honor of the visiting clergy and a little group of important weddings, there has been little going on for the society chronicler to record. The influenza epidemic has done what would not do, and has brought the giving of parties pretty nearly to a complete standstill. Visitors, too, are few and far between, for nobody cares much about traveling now, and people have the very sensible idea that if they are going to be ill they prefer to be ill at home. Moreover, pretty nearly everybody in town has had his or her household disorganized by illness, the domestic help, members of the family being down with the stricken.

Even the weddings have been affected by the prevailing epidemic. Like Mildred Adams, now Mrs. Fairfax Davis Downey, Mary Browne, who was married yesterday to Lieut. Walter W. Boyden, U. S. A., had to give up the idea of a church wed-

dine, as the ban on church services has not yet been lifted. Through illness and fear of the epidemic, Miss Adams' group of bridal attendants was reduced from six to three; and this disappointment Miss Browne also shared.

Only a day or two before the wedding she received wires from Adelaide Jones, of Pittsburgh, and Elizabeth Lemmon, of Middleburg, Va., announcing that they couldn't come on for the wedding. She had already had the disappointment of having her sister, Mrs. J. F. Comer, of Georgia, who was to have been matron of honor, withdraw from the bride's party on account of the death of her little girl. For this reason Miss Browne cancelled the dinner she was to have given for the bride party the evening before the wedding and the other festivities in her honor were called off or postponed until after her return from her wedding trip.

It was a pity the little lady couldn't have a church wedding if she wanted it, but she couldn't have been married in a lovelier spot than the terrace of the home of the Evans Browns—her brother-in-law and sister—at Edgemoor; and it was as attractive a wedding as could be imagined. The bride wore her mother's wedding gown, untouched save that a court train was added and the quaint satin bodice was let out a bit to fit the new wearer. Strange how the present generation has outgrown the eighteen-inch bodices of our slender little mothers!

The other interesting weddings of the week, with the exception of the marriage of pretty Miriam Hubbard and Lieut. George Maurice Morris, which took place at Wide Hally, the Hubbard's place, in Maryland, were all very quiet, with "only members of the two families present." Pay Hull hurried up her wedding to Lieut. John Dee Van Wagoner, U. S. A., as he is under orders for duty in France; and none but her most intimate friends knew anything of her plans until the day of the ceremony.

Arrangements for Nellie Johnson's marriage to Lieut. Comdr. Chapman C. Todd, U. S. N., were also hastened, but in this case the circumstances were somewhat happier, the wedding following the return for the bridegroom from abroad where he put in sixteen months in foreign waters. The young people were not engaged before he went to sea, oh dear, no, for Nellie's father disapproves of engagements; but the fact that the wedding took place within a week of Commander Todd's return goes to show that the "understanding" between them was pretty firmly established.

The bridegroom has just been promoted to the rank of lieutenant commander and wore his extra bar for the first time at his wedding. He comes of distinguished ancestry, numbering among his forebears Judge Thomas Todd of the Supreme Court of the United States, who married the youngest sister of Dolly Madison, the ceremony taking place at the White

House. Young Mrs. Todd, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Johnson, was one of the most popular girls of her season, and has been prominent in society although she has been devoting most of her time to war work.

The wedding of Capt. Edwin Prescott Grosvenor, U. S. A., and Thelma Cudlipp, of New York, a well-known illustrator, although very quiet, was made notable by the fact that a former President of the United States, William Howard Taft, gave the bride away. Mr. Taft is a cousin of Captain Grosvenor, and before he went into the service the younger man was associated with Mr. Taft in the law firm of which he is a member. The wedding was at Wildacres, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert H. Grosvenor. Mr. Grosvenor, who is Captain Grosvenor's twin brother, was his best man. There were no other attendants and only a handful of guests, as the bride is in mourning for her brother, Lieut. Jerome Cudlipp, killed in France.

Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor will not move into town until some time in November, preferring to wait until the influenza epidemic is completely in hand. Mrs. Grosvenor's parents, Prof. and Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, are in Canada, and only expect to come to Washington for occasional visits this winter. Rather than leave their big house in Connecticut avenue vacant at a time when there is such crying need of housing facilities, they have turned over one floor to a group of army officers. A member of one of the war boards has another floor, and Major and Mrs. Granville Fortescue are occupying a third "apartment." Mrs. Fortescue, you know, is a niece of Prof. Bell; and she is particularly pleased with her new quarters, as the

house is next door to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bell.

The first of this season's debutantes was presented to society yesterday—not in Washington. Mrs. Charles S. Hamlin and her daughter, Anna Hamlin, stopped in Boston, their home, for a week or ten days on their way back to Washington from Mattapoisett, Mass., where they spent the summer, and Mrs. Hamlin gave a tea to introduce her daughter to her old friends. Doubtless, there will be a similar hospitality here later in the year, as Miss Hamlin is officially listed among the season's buds. Her father is with the Federal Reserve Board.

On the whole the list of debutantes, although short, is an interesting one and, although there will probably be little formality about the festivities in their honor, there are sure to be a good many parties. Among the buds already announced are Virginia Blair, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Blair; Eleanor Johnston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Marion Johnston; Marie Wright, daughter of Brig. Gen. and Mrs. William M. Wright; Frances Hopkins, daughter of Major and Mrs. Nevill Monroe Hopkins; Eleanor Wheeler, daughter of Charles Wheeler; Louise Littauer, Elizabeth Baker, and several others.

Josephine Page, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Nelson Page, who has spent the last two or three winters in Philadelphia studying art and working at her painting, is in Washington with her family now, and rather expects to be here the greater part of the winter. Both of her brothers, Ed Page, who

Fancies, Fads, And Foibles of Capital Society

looks possible in the studio line is been snapped up and turned into dwellings. Why, one clever couple, Capt. and Mrs. Henry S. Todd, have actually gone to the length of renting the funny little old building at Connecticut avenue at 8 streets, which was once a drug store but which has long been vacant, remodeling it a bit and making it into a home. It's a real home, too, with its hospitable doorway and wide window hung with dainty, fresh curtains; and the Todds must feel decidedly proud of their attractive surroundings when the summer what unpromising material they had to work on.

Such things go to show what can be accomplished by a little intelligence, perseverance, and vision. Moreover, studios can be found if one hunts far enough, for Katherine Critcher has recently secured a fine big one in St. Matthew's court, and is rapidly getting her household goods settled there. Where is St. Matthew's court? Well, I never heard of it myself until I was told about Miss Critcher's studio, but it appears it's a sort of glorified alley at the back of St. Matthew's Church. Of course, it's quite the thing for a studio to be located in an alley, and Miss Critcher is particularly lucky to find one in such a comfortable, convenient and attractive part of town.

Her next door neighbor is Georg Julian Zolnay, the sculptor, who has a big studio, with quaint, bare white lunettes over the windows, fronts a the court and backs up to his house 1728 N. street.

She is starting up her classes a "No. 3 St. Matthew's court," and put in a good many hours a day at her work, but, since her partner, the Woodward is rented she and her sister, Luile Critcher, are living at Alexandria, their old home, and "commuters" almost every day.

"Bright" House In Alexandria. Miss Luile Critcher, by the way, is a very busy person, for she and her three or four friends are running a tea room in Alexandria, which she have dubbed "Brightly," and which is doing a land office business, particularly among the army camps stationed in the camps near by. It is a delightful place, and the project is turning out an immense success.

(Continued on Page Thirteen.)

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